

# THE LIMERICK ED. MEETS GRISLY FATE

(Continued from First Page.)

Interest, maybe there was something in the dramatic situation this week that stirred interest to records and struck fire from lutes. Be that as it may, the contestants outdid themselves this week, and the average of the lines is certainly unusually high.

And then there were so many of them! With few contestants sending fewer than five lines, many sending in twenty or more, and so on up to seventy-five, the aggregate of lines to be looked through this week was immense. Eight thousand would be a conservative estimate. After reading this, those who do not find their lines in print-to-day will know why. A great many had to go overboard. Those which were faulty in metre and rhyme—and there were too many of these—went first. Those which were very much like lines already accepted went next. And there were lots of these, too.

The Limerick editor's deputy—the Limerick ed. can say nothing him self for obvious reasons—decided to make acknowledgement once more, on behalf of his deceased chief, for kindly expression from many correspondents and for the good-natured spirit in which the answers have been received. Limerick editors have their good points like the rest of us, and however greatly this one has erred, he at least, as one correspondent adjudged him, met his fate like a man.

*De mortuis nil nisi bonum. Vale!*

## PRIZE-WINNING LINE.

They buried poor Ed. in Bon Air,  
N. C. NAPIER, 1120 Beverly,

## SPECIAL DISTINGUISHED MENTION.

And she pulled a wedlock of his hair,  
C. R. 821 W. Grace,  
"Hold!" he cried. And she did—to his hair!

WELDON T. MYERS, 900 W. Main,  
Charlottesville; Quoth the Ed.: "Some one lead us in

prayer."

ANONYMOUS.

Now her mail is addressed in his care,  
TREVILLIAN D. EATON, 608 Thirty-first St.

And he's now labelled: Handle with care.

BESSIE M. DUDLEY, 2022 W. Grace.

She killed him and went to the chair,  
M. H. RUSSELL, 13-1-2 S. Pine.

Next day he bought Viger from Ayer.

MARY L. CHAS., City.

For an Ed. with such him I don't care.

MRS. L. G. ADAMS, City.

Now hear the Ed. call: "Glimmer air."

SUSIE SHARP, Millboro, Va.

And her number 9 landed—just where?

M. SINCLAIR, 2022 Ivy St.

"Hands off!" cried the Ed. with a swear!

MARY JAMISON, Charlottesville.

And the dust now lies deep on his chair.

F. M. KELLY, University of Virginia.

Twas the race of the Fair—oh, 'twas rare!

WILLIAM STEGER, 1114 N. Main, Danville.

But Ed. was no small I declare.

N. C. NAPIER, 1120 Beverly,

Give yourself as the prize, and be square!

KATHERINE ANDERSON, Atlee,

OTHER EXCELLENT EFFORTS.

The pieces were found everywhere.

They buried him quick without prayer.

And Ed. is now where he don't care.

C. R. 821 W. Grace,

"Will they? And he willed, I'll swear!

M. H. SPIERS, 301 S. Pine.

Then she winked: "I see through it, my dear!"

C. G. BOSHER, City.

Times-Dispatchers are glad there's no

CAROLINE HIRTH, 111 E. Grace.

Now Ed. is at home for evermore,

MRS. J. E. SEATON, 1407 Hanover.

For you a star heaven's my prayer.

T. J. REYNOLDS, 516 N. Eighth.

No paper—ed. or on a tear.

Yours is too bitter-Herculean hair.

AL HUNTER SMITH, 516 N. Eighth.

Said the Ed.: "I'd hear Maude's blare?"

S. H. ELLYSON, 114 S. Third.

Aw, you're stuck—I'm young Mrs. St. Clair!

Box 22, Barboursville, Va.

Poor man, he now wears "man" hair.

ELIZABETH J. MACKIE, Barton Heights.

And she shook a few rats from her

GLADYS FAUNTLEROY, Lynch Sta-

Said the judges: "These Dodo birds pair."

W. S. M.

Thought you'd rather feed one than a pair.

Great race—hope she'll catch him somewhere.

But to that fight was nowhere,

WILL STEGER, 1114 N. Main St., Dan-

ville, Va. Then they gave a free show that was rare.

And that's what became of his hair.

MRS. R. L. WALKER, Milton, N. C.

Oh, I'd rather be a dog than a bear.

JOHN WINSTON, Hampton.

Unsheathed, I'd be in despair.

G. H. WINSTON, Chamber of Commerce.

And the birds made their nests of his hair.

MRS. S. R. PRICE, 2004 City.

Oh, how I do wish you had hair!

W. A. SEATON, OXFORD, N. C.

Now haul in your lines or beware,

ANNE G. SMITH, Bellevue Flats.

The red wavy hair says, "don't swear."

B. H. HUDSON, 126 N. Clay.

But the Ed. had hairlines elsewhere,

D. W. SMITH, 503 Lombardy.

I'm to be your stepmother—take care!

JAS. B. HOWLER, 512 S. Belvidere.

But he said: "No, dear, your false hair."

MISS PATTESON, Ashmont, Mass.

In Limbo he reads limericks rare.

Exit poor Ed. with the winds sobbing;

LESLIE BAYLISS, Glenn Allen.

And she led her life of by the hair,

M. D. MURRILL, Bowling Green.

A's-up will do the repair,

## The Prize-Winning Line

## REQUIESCAT IN PACE

Maxine, 51 (or round there),  
Met the Limerick Ed. at a Fair;  
"So 'twas you," hollered she,  
"Made a spinster of me!"

## THEY BURIED POOR ED. IN BON AIR

By Norman C. Napier  
1120 Beverly Street

MRS. A. M. LUCAS, Enfield, N. C.  
He now buys a tonic for hair,  
H. C. BAYLISS, 315 N. Twenty-fifth.  
How that Ed. wished he'd stayed with  
his mere.

Mrs. N. R. Box A, Louisville, Va.  
But he swoon—twas the dye in her hair,

HENRY L. STAPLES, 209 W. Grace.

But to-morrow I marry votre pere,

Now a good "safety match" in my care,

MRS. J. A. FRENCH, Box 6, Orange.

And the Ed. is still here, I suppose!

M. SINCLAIR, 2022 Ivy St.

She's now Mrs. Ed. on the square,

F. E. HINES, Waynesboro, Va.

Hop a gentleman now has your chair,

LUCILLE TALIAFERRO, 1615 West

Grace.

And when he came to, he said:

"Where?"

MRS. W. K. MARSHALL, Bowling Green, Ky.  
Deny it you Lim(b) if you dare,

MRS. C. MOTLEY, Upper Zion, Va.

And the place where his wool was is bare,

E. M. KELLY, University of Va.

He is still lying up for repair,

C. R. 821 W. Grace.

And the Ed. continued to stare,

KATE E. FULLER, 2016 Jefferson Park.

And a person was hid in her hair,

MRS. C. COLEMAN, Allendale, N. J.

What a shot for Teddy—d' bear,

R. B. BRADLEY, 2048 N. Eighth.

If you had some, I'd soon pull your hair,

J. L. HARRISON, 311 19th St., Newport News.

Now I have you, this I don't care,

M. P. MILLER, Bon Air, Va.

What a shot for Teddy—d' bear,

M. L. HARRISON, 311 19th St., Newport News.

Now I have you, this I don't care,

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